Democritus Platonissans,

OR,

AN ESSAY

UPON THE

INFINITY OF WORLDS

OUT OF

PLATONICK PRINCIPLES.

Hereunto is annexed

CUPIDS CONFLICT

together with

THE PHILOSOPHERS DEVOTION:

And a Particular Interpretation appertaining to the three last books of the *Song of the Soul.*

By *H. More* Master of Arts, and Fellow of Christs Colledge in Cambridge.

Ἀγαθὸς ἦν τὸ πᾶν τόδε ὁ συνιστὰς, ἀγαθῷ δὲ οὐδεὶς περὶ οὐδενὸς οὐδέποτε ἐγγίνεται φθόνος. Τούτου δ' ἐκτὸς ὢν πάντα ὁτιμάλιστα ἐβουλήθη γενέσθαι παραπλήσια αὑτῷ. Plat.

Pythagoras Terram Planetam quendam esse censuit qui circa solem in centro mundi defixum converteretur. Pythagoram secuti sunt Philolaus, Seleucus, Cleanthes, &c. *imò PLATO jam senex, ut narrat Theophrastus.* Libert. Fromond. de Orbe terræ immobili.

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To the Reader.

READER,

IF thou ſtandeſt not to the judgement of thine eye more then of thy reaſon, this fragment may paſſe favourably, though in the neglectfull diſguiſe of of a fragment; if the ſtrangeneſſe of the argument prove no hinderance. INFINITIE of WORLDS! A thing monſtrous if aſſented to, and to be ſtartled at, eſpecially by them, whoſe thoughts this one have alwayes ſo engaged, that they can find no leiſure to think of any thing elſe. But I onely make a bare propoſall to more acute judgements, of what my ſportfull fancie, with pleaſure hath ſuggeſted: following my old deſigne of furniſhing mens minds with varietie of apprehenſions concerning the moſt weightie points of Philoſophie, that they may not ſeem raſhly to have ſettled in the truth, though it be the truth: a thing as ill beſeeming Philoſophers, as haſtie prejudicative ſentence Politicall Judges. But if I had relinquiſhd here my wonted ſelf, in proving Dogmaticall, I ſhould have found very noble Patronage for the cauſe among the ancients, Epicurus, Democritus, Lucretius, &c. Or if juſtice may reach the dead, do them the right, as to ſhew, that though they be booted at, by the Rout of the learned, as men of monſtrous conceits, they were either very wiſe or exceeding fortunate to light on ſo probable and ſpecious an opinion, in which notwithſtanding there is ſo much difficultie and ſeeming inconſiſtencie.

Nay and that ſublime and ſubtil Mechanick too, Des-Chartes, though he ſeem to mince it muſt hold infinitude of worlds, or which is as harſh one infinite one For what is his mundus indefinitè extenſus, but extenſus infinitè? Elſe it ſounds onely infinitus quoad nos, but ſimpliciter finitus. But if any ſpace be left out unſtuffd with Atoms, it will hazard the diſſipation of the whole frame of Nature into diſjoynted duſt. As may be proved by the Principles of his own Philoſo-

phie. And that there is ſpace whereever God is, or any actuall and ſelf-ſubſiſtent Being, ſeems to me no plainer then one of the κοιναὶ ἔννοιαι.

For mine own part I muſt confeſſe theſe apprehenſions do plainly oppoſe what heretofore I have conceived; but I have ſworn more faithfull friendſhip with Truth then with my ſelf. And therefore without all remorſe lay batterie againſt mine own edifice: not ſparing to ſhew how weak that is, that my ſelf now deems not impregnably ſtrong. I have at the latter end of the laſt Canto of Pſychathanaſia, *not without triumph concluded, that the world hath not continued* ab æterno, *from this ground:*

——Extenſion
That's infinite implies a contradiction.

And this is in anſwer to an objection againſt my laſt argument of the ſouls Immortalitie, viz. *divine goodneſſe. which I there make the meaſure of his providence. That ground limits the eſſence of the world as well as its duration, and ſatisfies the curioſitie of the Oppoſer, by ſhewing the incompoſſibilitie in the Creature, not want of goodneſſe in the Creatour to have ſtaid the framing of the Univerſe. But now rouſed up by a new Philoſophick furie, I anſwer that difficultie by taking away the Hypotheſis of either the world or time being finite: defending the infinitude of both. Which though I had done with a great deal of vigour and life, and ſemblance of aſſent, it would have agreed well enough with the free heat of Poeſie, and might have paſſed for a pleaſant flouriſh: but the ſeveritie of my own judgement, and ſad Genius hath caſt in many correctives and coolers into the Canto it ſelf; ſo that it cannot amount to more then a diſcuſſion. And diſcuſſion is no prejudice but an honour to the truth: for then and never but then is ſhe Victorious. And what a glorious Trophee ſhall the finite world erect when it hath vanquiſhed the Infinite; a Pygmee a Giant.*

For the better underſtanding of the connexion of this Appendix, with the Poem of the ſouls Immortalitie; I have taken off the laſt ſtanza's thereof, and added ſome few new ones to them for a more eaſie and naturall leading to the preſent Canto. Pſychathan. lib. 3. Cant. 4.

But thou who ere thou art that thus doſt ſtrive
With fierce aſſault my groundwork to ſubvert,
And boldly doſt into Gods ſecrets dive,
Baſe fear my manly face note make m' avert.
In that odde queſtion which thou firſt didſt ſtert,
I'll plainly prove thine incapacitie,
And force thy feeble feet back to revert,
That cannot climb ſo high a myſterie,
I'le ſhew thee ſtrange perplexed inconſiſtencie.

34

Why was this world from all infinitie
Not made? ſay'ſt thou: why? could it be ſo made
Say I. For well obſerve the ſequencie:
If this Out-world continually hath wade
Through a long long-ſpun-time that never had
Beginning, then there as few circulings
Have been in the quick Moon as Saturn ſad;
And ſtill more plainly this clear truth to ſing,
As many years as dayes or flitting houres have been.

35

For things that we conceive are infinite,
One th' other no'te ſurpaſſe in quantitie.
So I have prov'd with clear convincing light,
This world could never from infinitie
Been made. Certain deficiencie
Doth alwayes follow evolution:
Nought's infinite but tight eternitie
Cloſe thruſt into it ſelf: extenſion
That's infinite implies a contradiction.

36

So then for ought we know this world was made
So ſoon as ſuch a Nature could exiſt;
And though that it continue, never fade,
Yet never will it be that that long twiſt
Of time prove infinite, though ner'e deſiſt
From running ſtill. But we may ſafely ſay
Time paſt compar'd with this long future liſt
Doth ſhow as if the world but yeſterday
Were made, and in due time Gods glory out may ray.

37

Then this ſhort night and ignorant dull ages
Will quite be ſwallowed in oblivion;
And though this hope by many ſurly Sages
Be now derided, yet they'll all be gone
In a ſhort time, like Bats and Owls yflone
At dayes approch. This will hap certainly
At this worlds ſhining conflagration.
Fayes, Satyrs, Goblins the night merrily
May ſpend, but ruddy Sol ſhall make them all to flie.

38

The roaring Lions and drad beaſts of prey
Rule in the dark with pitious crueltie;
But harmleſſe Man is maſter of the day,
Which doth his work in pure ſimplicitie.
God bleſſe his honeſt uſefull induſtrie.
But pride and covetize, ambition,
Riot, revenge, ſelf-love, hypocriſie,
Contempt of goodneſſe, forc'd opinion;
Theſe and ſuch like do breed the worlds confuſion.

39

But ſooth to ſay though my triumphant Muſe
Seemeth to vant as in got victorie,
And with puiſſant ſtroke the head to bruize
Of her ſtiff foe, and daze his phantaſie,
Captive his reaſon, dead each facultie:
Yet in her ſelf ſo ſtrong a force withſtands
That of her ſelf afraid, ſhe'll not aby,
Nor keep the field. She'll fall by her own hand
As *Ajax* once laid *Ajax* dead upon the ſtrand.

40

For thus her-ſelf by her own ſelf's oppos'd;
The Heavens the Earth the univerſall Frame
Of living Nature God ſo ſoon diſclos'd
As He could do, or ſhe receive the ſame.
All times delay ſince that muſt turn to blame,
And what cannot He do that can be done?
And what might let but by th'all-powerfull Name
Or Word of God, the Worlds Creation
More ſuddenly were made then mans ſwift thought can run?

Wherefore

Wherefore that Heavenly Power or is as young
As this Worlds date; or elſe ſome needleſſe ſpace
Of time was ſpent, before the Earth did clung
So cloſe unto her-ſelf and ſeas embrace
Her hollow breaſt, and if that time ſurpaſſe
A finite number then Infinitie
Of years before this Worlds Creation paſſe.
So that the durance of the Deitie
We muſt contract or ſtrait his full Benignitie.

42

But for the cradle of the *Cretian Jove*,
And guardians of his vagient Infancie
What ſober man but ſagely will reprove?
Or drown the noiſe of the fond *Dactyli*
By laughter loud? Dated Divinitie
Certes is but the dream of a drie brain:
God maim'd in goodneſſe, inconſiſtencie;
Wherefore my troubled mind is now in pain
Of a new birth, which this one Canto 'll not contain.

Now Reader, thou art arrived to the Canto it ſelf, from which I have kept thee off by too tedious Preface *and Apologie, which is ſeldome made without conſciouſneſſe of ſome fault, which I profeſſe I find not in my ſelf, unleſſe this be it, that I am more tender of thy ſatisfaction then mine own credit. As for that high ſullen* Poem, Cupids Conflict, *I muſt leave it to thy candour and favourable cenſure. The* Philoſophers Devotion *I caſt in onely, that the latter pages ſhould not be unfurniſhed.*

H. M.

Nihil tamen frequentius inter Autores occurrit, quàm ut omnia adeò ex modulo ferè ſenſuum ſuorum æſtiment, ut ea quæ inſuper infinitis rerum ſpatiis extare poſſunt, ſive ſuperbè ſive imprudenter rejiciant; quin & ea omnia in uſum ſuum fabricata fuiſſe glorientur, perinde facientes ac ſi pediculi humanum caput, aut pulices ſinum muliebrem propter ſe ſolos condita exiſtimarent, eáque demum ex gradibus ſaltibuſve ſuis metirentur. The Lord Herbert in his De Cauſis Errorum.

De generali totius hujus mundi aſpectabilis conſtructione ut rectè Philoſophemur duo ſunt imprimis obſervanda: Unum ut attendentes ad infinitam Dei potentiam & bonitatem, nè vereamur nimis ampla & pulchra & abſoluta ejus opera imaginari: ſed è contra caveamus, nè ſi quos fortè limites nobis non certò cognitos, in ipſis ſupponamus, non ſatìs magnificè de creatoris potentia ſentire videamur.

Alterum, ut etiam caveamus, nè nimis ſuperbè de nobis ipſis ſentiamus. Quod fieret non modò, ſi quos limites nobis nullâ cognitos ratione, nec divinâ revelatione, mundo vellemus affingere, tanquam ſi vis noſtra cogitationis, ultra id quod à Deo revera factum eſt ferri poſſet; ſed etiam maximè, ſi res omnes propter nos ſolos, ab illo creatas eſſe fingeremus. Renatus Des-Cartes in his Princip. Philoſoph. the third part.

Democritus Platoniſſans.

The Argument.

'Gainſt boundleſſe time th' objections made,
And waſt infinity
Of worlds, are with new reaſons weigh'd,
Mens judgements are left free.

1

HEnce, hence unhallowed ears and hearts more hard
Then Winter clods faſt froze with Northern wind.
But moſt of all, foul tongue I thee diſcard
That blameſt all that thy dark ſtrait'ned mind,
Can not conceive: But that no blame thou find;
What e're my pregnant Muſe brings forth to light,
She'l not acknowledge to be of her kind,
Till Eagle-like ſhe turn them to the ſight
Of the eternall Word all deckt with glory bright.

2

Strange ſights do ſtraggle in my reſtleſſe thoughts,
And lively forms with orient colours clad
Walk in my boundleſſe mind, as men ybrought
Into ſome ſpacious room, who when they 've had
A turn or two, go out, although unbad.
All theſe I ſee and know, but entertain
None to my friend but who 's moſt ſober ſad;
Although the time my roof doth them contain
Their preſence doth poſſeſſe me till they out again.

3

And thus poſſeſt in ſilver trump I ſound
Their guiſe, their ſhape, their geſture and array.
But as in ſilver trumpet nought is found
When once the piercing ſound is paſt away,
(Though while the mighty blaſt therein did ſtay,
Its tearing noiſe ſo terribly did ſhrill,
That it the heavens did ſhake, and earth diſmay)
As empty I of what my flowing quill
In heedleſſe haſt elſwhere, or here, may hap to ſpill.

4

For 'tis of force and not of a ſet will.
Ne dare my wary mind afford aſſent
To what is plac'd above all mortall skill.
But yet our various thoughts to repreſent
Each gentle wight will deem of good intent.
Wherefore with leave th' infinitie I'll ſing
Of Time, Of Space: or without leave; I'm brent
With eagre rage, my heart for joy doth ſpring,
And all my ſpirits move with pleaſant trembeling.

5

An inward triumph doth my ſoul up-heave
And ſpread abroad through endleſſe 'ſperſed aire.
My nimble mind this clammie clod doth leave,
And lightly ſtepping on from ſtarre to ſtarre
Swifter then lightning, paſſeth wide and farre,
Meaſuring th' unbounded Heavens and waſtfull skie;
Ne ought ſhe finds her paſſage to debarre,
For ſtill the azure Orb as ſhe draws nigh
Gives back, new ſtarres appear, the worlds walls 'fore her flie.

6

For what can ſtand that is ſo badly ſtaid?
Well may that fall whoſe ground-work is unſure.
And what hath wall'd the world but thoughts unweigh'd
In freer reaſon? That antiquate, ſecure,
And eaſie dull conceit of corporature,
Of matter, quantitie, and ſuch like gear
Hath made this needleſſe, thankleſſe incloſure,
Which I in full diſdain quite up will tear
And lay all ope, that as things are they may appear.

7

For other they appear from what they are
By reaſon that their Circulation
Cannot well repreſent entire from farre
Each portion of the *Cuſpis* of the Cone
(Whoſe nature is elſewhere more clearly ſhown)
I mean each globe, whether of glaring light
Or elſe opake, of which the earth is one.
If circulation could them well tranſmit
Numb. s infinite of each would ſtrike our 'ſtoniſhd ſight;

All

8

All in juſt bigneſſe and right colours dight
But totall preſence without all defect
'Longs onely to that Trinitie by right,
Ahad, *Æon*, *Pſyche* with all graces deckt,
Whoſe nature well this riddle will detect;
A Circle whoſe circumference no where
Is circumſcrib'd, whoſe Centre's each where ſet,
But the low Cuſp's a figure circular,
Whoſe compaſſe is ybound, but centre's every where.

9

Wherefore who'll judge the limits of the world
By what appears unto our failing ſight
Appeals to ſenſe, reaſon down headlong hurld
Out of her throne by giddie vulgar might.
But here baſe ſenſes dictates they will dight
With ſpecious title of Philoſophie,
And ſtiffly will contend their cauſe is right
From rotten rolls of ſchool antiquitie,
Who conſtantly denie corporall Infinitie.

10

But who can prove their corporalitie
Since matter which thereto's eſſentiall
If rightly ſifted 's but a phantaſie.
And quantitie who's deem'd Originall
Is matter, muſt with matter likewiſe fall.
What ever is, is Life and Energie
From God, who is th' Originall of all;
Who being everywhere doth multiplie
His own broad ſhade that endleſſe throughout all doth lie.

11

He from the laſt projection of light
Ycleep'd *Shamajim*, which is liquid fire
(It *Æther* eke and centrall *Taſis* hight)
Hath made each ſhining globe and clumperd mire
Of dimmer Orbs. For Nature doth inſpire
Spermatick life, but of a different kind.
Hence thoſe congenit ſplendour doth attire
And lively heat, theſe darkneſſe dead doth bind,
And without borrowed rayes they be both cold and blind.

12

All theſe be knots of th' univerſall ſtole
Of ſacred *Pſyche*; which at firſt was fine,
Pure, thin, and pervious till hid powers did pull
Together in ſeverall points and did encline
The nearer parts in one clod to combine.
Thoſe centrall ſpirits that the parts did draw
The meaſure of each globe did then define,
Made things impenetrable here below,
Gave colour, figure, motion, and each uſuall law.

13

And what is done in this Terreſtriall ſtarre
The ſame is done in every Orb beſide.
Each flaming Circle that we ſee from farre
Is but a knot in *Pſyches* garment tide.
From that lax ſhadow caſt throughout the wide
And endleſſe world, that low'ſt projection
Of univerſall life each thing's deriv'd
What e're appeareth in corporeall faſhion;
For body's but this ſpirit, fixt, groſſe by conſpiſſation.

14

And that which doth conſpiſſate active is;
Wherefore not matter but ſome living ſprite
Of nimble Nature which this lower miſt
And immenſe field of Atoms doth excite,
And wake into ſuch life as beſt doth fit
With his own ſelf. As we change phantaſies
The eſſence of our ſoul not chang'd a whit,
So do theſe Atoms change their energies
Themſelves unchanged into new Centreities.

15

And as our ſoul's not ſuperficially
Colourd by phantaſms. nor doth them reflect
As doth a looking-glaſſe ſuch imag'rie
As it to the beholder doth detect:
No more are theſe lightly or ſmear'd or deckt
With form or motion which in them we ſee,
But from their inmoſt Centre they project
Their vitall rayes, not merely paſſive be,
But by occaſion wak'd rouze up themſelves on high.

So

16

So that they're life, form, ſprite, not matter pure,
For matter pure is a pure nullitie,
What nought can act is nothing, I am ſure;
And if all act, that is they'll not denie
But all that is is form: ſo eaſily
By what is true, and by what they embrace
For truth, their feigned Corporalitie
Will vaniſh into ſmoke, but on I'll paſſe,
More fully we have ſung this in another place.

17

Wherefore more boldly now to repreſent
The nature of the world, how firſt things were
How now they are: This endleſſe large Extent
Of loweſt life (which I ſtyled whileere
The *Cuſpis* of the *Cone* that's every where)
Was firſt all dark, till in this ſpacious Hall
Hideous through ſilent horrour torches clear
And lamping lights bright ſhining over all
Were ſet up in due diſtances proportionall.

18

Innumerable numbers of fair Lamps
Were rightly ranged in this hollow hole,
To warm the world and chace the ſhady damps
Of immenſe darkneſſe, rend her pitchie ſtole
Into ſhort rags more duſtie dimme then coal.
Which pieces then in ſeverall were caſt
(Abhorred reliques of that veſture foul)
Upon the Globes that round thoſe torches trac'd,
Which ſtill faſt on them ſtick for all they run ſo faſt.

19

Such an one is that which mortall men call Night,
A little ſhred of that unbounded ſhade.
And ſuch a Globe is that which Earth is hight;
By witleſſe Wizzards the ſole centre made
Of all the world, and on ſtrong pillars ſtaid.
And ſuch a lamp or light is this our Sun,
Whoſe firie beams the ſcortched Earth invade.
But infinite ſuch as he, in heaven won,
And more then infinite Earths about thoſe Suns do run;

20

And to ſpeak out: though I deteſt the ſect
Of *Epicurus* for their manners vile,
Yet what is true I may not well reject.
Truth's incorruptible, ne can the ſtyle
Of vitious pen her ſacred worth defile.
If we no more of truth ſhould deign t' embrace
Then what unworthy mouths did never ſoyl,
No truths at all mongſt men would finden place
But make them ſpeedie wings and back to Heaven apace.

21

I will not ſay our world is infinite,
But that infinitie of worlds ther be.
The Centre of our world's the lively light
Of the warm ſunne, the viſible Deitie
Of this externall Temple. *Mercurie*
Next plac'd and warm'd more throughly by his rayes,
Right nimbly 'bout his golden head doth flie:
Then *Venus* nothing ſlow about him ſtrayes,
And next our *Earth* though ſeeming ſad full ſpritely playes.

22

And after her *Mars* rangeth in a round
With firie locks and angry flaming eye,
And next to him mild *Jupiter* is found,
But Saturn cold wons in our utmoſt skie.
The skirts of his large Kingdome ſurely lie
Near to the confines of ſome other worlds
Whoſe Centres are the fixed ſtarres on high,
'Bout which as their own proper Suns are hurld
Joves, *Earths* and *Saturns*; round on their own axes twurld.

23

Little or nothing are thoſe ſtarres to us
Which in the azure Evening gay appear
(I mean for influence) but judicious
Nature and carefull Providence her dear
And matchleſſe work did ſo contrive whileere,
That th' Hearts or Centres in the wide world pight
Should ſuch a diſtance each to other bear,
That the dull Planets with collated light
By neighbour ſuns might cheared be in dampiſh night.

24

And as the Planets in our world (of which
The ſun's the heart and kernell) do receive
Their nightly light from ſuns that do enrich
Their ſable mantle with bright gemmes, and give
A goodly ſplendour, and ſad men relieve
With their fair twinkling rayes, ſo our worlds ſunne
Becomes a ſtarre elſewhere, and doth derive
Joynt light with others, cheareth all that won
In thoſe dim duskiſh Orbs round other ſuns that run.

25

This is is the parergon of each noble fire
Of neighbour worlds to be the nightly ſtarre,
But their main work is vitall heat t' inſpire
Into the frigid ſpheres that 'bout them fare,
Which of themſelves quite dead and barren are.
But by the wakening warmth of kindly dayes,
And the ſweet dewie nights they well declare
Their ſeminall virtue in due courſes raiſe
Long hidden ſhapes and life, to their great Makers praiſe.

26

Theſe with their ſuns I ſeverall worlds do call,
Whereof the number I deem infinite:
Elſe infinite darkneſſe were in this great Hall
Of th' endleſſe Univerſe; For nothing finite
Could put that immenſe ſhadow unto flight.
But if that infinite Suns we ſhall admit,
Then infinite worlds follow in reaſon right.
For every Sun with Planets muſt be fit,
And have ſome mark for his farre-ſhining ſhafts to hit.

27

But if he ſhine all ſolitarie, alone,
What mark is left,? what aimed ſcope or end
Of his exiſtence? wherefore every one
Hath a due number of dim Orbs that wend
Around their centrall fire. But wrath will rend
This ſtrange compoſure back'd with reaſon ſtout.
And raſher tongues right ſpeedily will ſpend
Their forward cenſure, that my wits run out
On wool-gathering, through infinite ſpaces all about.

28

What ſober man will dare once to avouch
An infinite number of diſperſed ſtarres?
This one abſurdity will make him crouch
And eat his words; Diviſion nought impairs
The former whole, nor he augments that ſpares.
Strike every tenth out, that which doth remain,
An equall number with the former ſhares,
And let the tenth alone, th' whole nought doth gain,
For infinite to infinite is ever the ſame.

29

The tenth is infinite as the other nine,
Or elſe, nor they, nor all the ten entire
Are infinite. Thus one infinite doth adjoyn
Others unto it and ſtill riſeth higher.
And if thoſe ſingle lights hither aſpire,
This ſtrange prodigious inconſiſtencie
Groweth ſtill ſtranger, if each fixed fire
(I mean each ſtarre) prove Sunnes, and Planets flie
About their flaming heads amid the thronged skie.

30

For whatſoever that their number be
Whether by ſeavens, or eighths, or fives, or nines,
They round each fixed lamp; Infinity
Will be redoubled thus by many times.
Beſides each greater Planet th' attendance finds
Of leſſer. Our *Earths* handmaid is the Moon,
Which to her darkned ſide right duly ſhines,
And *Jove* hath foure, as hath been ſaid aboven,
And *Saturn* more then foure if the plain truth were known.

31

And if theſe globes be regions of life
And ſeverall kinds of plants therein do grow,
Graſſe, flowers, hearbs, trees, which the impartiall knife
Of all-conſuming Time ſtill down doth mow,
And new again doth in ſucceſſion ſhow:
Which alſo 's done in flies, birds, men and beaſts;
Adde ſand, pearls, pebbles, that the ground do ſtrow
Leaves, quills, hairs, thorns, blooms, you may think the reſt
Their kinds by mortall penne can not well be expreſt:

And

32

And if their kinds no man may reckon well,
The ſumme of ſucceſſive particulars
No mind conceive nor tongue can ever tell.
And yet this miſt of numbers (as appears)
Belongs to one of theſe opacous ſphears.
Suppoſe this *Earth*; what then will all thoſe Rounds
Produce? No *Atlas* ſuch a load upbears.
In this huge endleſſe heap o'rewhelmed, drownd,
Choak'd, ſtifled, lo! I lie, breathleſſe, even quite confound.

33

Yet give me ſpace a while but to reſpire,
And I my ſelf ſhal fairly well out-wind;
Keep this poſition true, unhurt, entire,
That you no greater difficulty find
In this new old opinion here defin'd
Of infinite worlds, then one world doth imply.
For if we do with ſteddy patience mind
All is reſolv'd int' one abſurdity,
The grant of ſomething greater then infinitie.

34

That God is infinite all men confeſſe,
And that the Creature is ſome realty
Beſides Gods ſelf, though infinitely leſſe.
Joyn now the world unto the Deity.
What? is there added no more entitie
By this conjunction, then there was before?
Is the broad breaſted earth? the ſpacious skie
Spangled with ſilver light, and burning Ore?
And the wide bellowing ſeas, whoſe boyling billows roar,

35

Are all theſe nothing? But you will reply;
As is the queſtion ſo we ought reſtrain
Our anſwer unto Corporeity.
But that the phantaſie of the body 's vain
I did before unto you maken plain.
But that no man depart unſatisfi'd
A while this Univerſe here will we feigne
Corporeall, till we have gainly tride,
If ought that's bodily may infinite abide.

What

36

What makes a body ſaving quantity?
What quantitie unleſſe extenſion?
Extenſion if 't admit infinity
Bodies admit boundleſſe dimenſion.
That ſome extenſion forward on doth run
Withouten limits, endleſſe, infinite
Is plane from Space, that ever paceth on
Unſtop'd, unſtaid, till it have filled quite
That immenſe infinite Orb where God himſelf doth ſit.

37

But yet more ſenſibly this truth to ſhow
If ſpace be ended ſet upon that end
Some ſtrong arm'd Archer with his Parthian bow,
That from that place with ſpeedy force may ſend
His fleeter ſhafts, and ſo ſtill forward wend.
Where? When ſhall he want room his ſtrength to trie?
But here perverſly ſubtill you 'l contend
Nothing can move in mere vacuity,
And ſpace is nought, ſo not extended properly.

38

To ſolve theſe knots I muſt call down from high
Some heavenly help, feather with angels wing
The ſluggiſh arrow. If it will not flie,
Sent out from bow ſtiff-bent with even ſtring,
Let angels on their backs it thither bring
Where your free mind appointed had before,
And then hold on, till in your travelling
You be well wearied, finding ever more
Free paſſage for their flight, and what they flying bore.

39

Now to that ſhift that ſayes Vacuity
Is nought, and therefore not at all extent
We anſwer thus: There is a diſtancy
In empty ſpace, though we be well content
To balk that queſtion (for we never meant
Such needleſſe niceties) whether that it be
A reall being; yet that there's parts diſtent
One from another, no mans phantaſie
Can e're reject if well he weigh't and warily.

For

40

For now conceive the aire and azure skie
All ſwept away from Saturn to the Sunne,
Which eath is to be wrought by him on high.
Then in this place let all the Planets runne
(As erſt they did before this feat was done)
If not by nature, yet by divine power,
Ne one hairs breadth their former circuits ſhun
And ſtill for fuller proof, th' Aſtronomer
Obſerve their hights as in the empty heavens they ſcoure.

41

Will then their Parallaxes prove all one
Or none, or different ſtill as before ?
If ſo, their diſtances by mortall men
Muſt be acknowledg'd ſuch as were of yore,
Meaſur'd by leagues, miles, ſtades, nor leſſe nor more
From circuit unto circuit ſhall be fouud
Then was before the ſweeping of the floor.
That diſtance therefore hath moſt certain ground
In emptineſſe we may conclude with reaſon ſound.

42

If diſtance now ſo certainly attend
All emptineſſe (as alſo menſuration
Attendeth diſtance) diſtance without end
Is wide diſperſt above imagination
(For emptineſſe is void of limitation)
And this unbounded voidneſſe doth admit
The leaſt and greateſt meaſures application ;
The number thus of the greateſt that doth fit
This infinite void ſpace is likewiſe infinite.

43

But what ſo e're that infinite number be,
A leſſer number will a number give
So farre exceeding in infinity
That number as this meaſure we conceive
To fall ſhort of the other. But I'll leave
This preſent way and a new courſe will trie
Which at the ſame mark doth as fully drive
And with a great deal more facility.
Look on this endleſſe Space as one whole quantity.

Which

44

Which in your mind int' equall parts divide,
Tens, hundreds, thouſands or what pleaſeth beſt.
Each part denominate doth ſtill abide
An infinite portion, elſe nor all the reſt
Makes one infinitude.
For if one thouſandth part may be defin'd
By finite meaſures eas'ly well expreſt,
A myriad ſuppoſe of miles aſſign'd
Then to a thouſand myriads is the whole confin'd.

45

Wherefore this wide and waſt Vacuity,
Which endleſſe is outſtretched thorough all,
And lies even equall with the Deity,
Nor is a thing meerly imaginall,
(For it doth farre mens phantaſies foreſtall
Nothing beholden to our devicefull thought)
This infinite voidneſſe as much our mind doth gall,
And has as great perplexities ybrought
As if this empty ſpace with bodies were yfraught.

46

Nor have we yet the face once to denie
But that it is, although we mind it not;
For all once minded ſuch perplexity
It doth create to puzzled reaſon, that
She ſayes and unſayes, do's ſhe knows not what.
Why then ſhould we the worlds infinity
Misdoubt, becauſe when as we contemplate
Its nature, ſuch ſtrange inconſiſtency
And unexpected ſequels, we therein deſcry?

47

Who dare gainſay but God is every where
Unbounded, meaſureleſſe, all infinite;
Yet the ſame difficulties meet us here
Which erſt us met and did ſo ſore affright
With their ſtrange vizards. This will follow right
Where ever we admit infinity
Every denominated part proves ſtreight
A portion infinite, which if it be,
One infinite will into myriads multiply.

48

But with new argument to draw more near
Our purpos'd end. If God's omnipotent
And this omnipotent God be every where,
Where e're he is then can he eas'ly vent
His mighty virtue thorough all extent.
What then ſhall hinder but a roſcid aire
With gentle heat each where be 'ſperſt and ſprent.
Unleſſe omnipotent power we will empair,
And ſay that empty ſpace his working can debarre.

49

Where now this one ſuppoſed world is pight
Was not that ſpace at firſt all vain and void?
Nor ought ſaid; no, when he ſaid, *Let 't be light.*
Was this one ſpace better then all beſide,
And more obedient to what God decreed?
Or would not all that endleſſe emptineſſe
Gladly embrac'd (if he had ever tride)
His juſt command? and what might come to paſſe
Implies no contradictious inconſiſtentneſſe.

50

Wherefore this precious ſweet Ethereall dew
For ought we know, God each where did diſtill,
And thorough all that hollow voidneſſe threw
And the wide gaping drought therewith did fill,
His endleſſe overflowing goodneſſe ſpill
In every place; which ſtreight he did contrive
Int' infinite ſeverall worlds, as his beſt skill
Did him direct and creatures could receive
For matter infinite needs infinite worlds muſt give.

51

The Centre of each ſeverall world's a ſunne
With ſhining beams and kindly warming heat,
About whoſe radiant crown the Planets runne,
Like reeling moths around a candle light.
Theſe all together, one world I conceit.
And that even infinite ſuch worlds there be,
That inexhauſted Good that God is hight
A full ſufficient reaſon is to me,
Who ſimple Goodneſſe make the higheſt Deity.

52

Als make himſelf the key of all his works
And eke the meaſure of his providence;
The piercing eye of truth to whom nought lurks
But lies wide ope unbar'd of all pretenſe.
But frozen hearts! away! flie farre from hence,
Unleſſe you 'l thaw at this celeſtiall fire
And melt into one minde and holy ſenſe
With Him that doth all heavenly hearts inſpire,
So may you with my ſoul in one aſſent conſpire.

53

But what's within, uneath is to convey
To narrow veſſels that are full afore.
And yet this truth as wiſely as I may
I will inſinuate, from ſenſes ſtore
Borrowing a little aid. Tell me therefore
When you behold with your admiring eyes
Heavens Canopie all to beſpangled o're
With ſprinkled ſtarres, what can you well devize
Which cauſen may ſuch careleſſe order in the skies?

54

A peck of peaſen rudely poured out
On plaiſter flore, from haſty heedleſſe hond
Which lie all careleſſe ſcattered about,
To ſight do in as ſeemly otder ſtond,
As thoſe fair gliſtering lights in heaven are found.
If onely for this world they were intended,
Nature would have adorn'd this azure round
With better art, and eaſily have mended
This harſh diſord'red order, and more beauty lended.

55

But though theſe lights do ſeem ſo rudely thrown
And ſcattered throughout the ſpacious skie,
Yet each moſt ſeemly ſits in his own Throne
In diſtance due and comely Majeſty;
And round their lordly ſeats their ſervants hie
Keeping a well-ptoportionated ſpace
One from another, doing chearfully
Their dayly task. No blemmiſh may deface
The worlds in ſeverall deckt with all art and grace.

But

56

But the appearance of the nightly ſtarres
Is but the by-work of each neighbour ſun;
Wherefore leſſe marvell if it lightly ſhares
Of neater Art; and what proportion
Were fitteſt for to diſtance one from one
(Each world I mean from other) is not clear.
Wherefore it muſt remain as yet unknown
Why ſuch perplexed diſtances appear
Mongſt the diſperſed lights in Heaven thrown here & there.

57

Again, that eminent ſimilitude
Betwixt the ſtarres and Phœbus fixed light,
They being both with ſteddineſſe indu'd,
No whit removing whence they firſt were pight,
No ſerious man will count a reaſon ſlight
To prove them both, both fixed ſuns and ſtarres
And Centres all of ſeverall worlds by right,
For right it is that none a ſun debarre
Of Planets which his juſt and due retinue are.

58

If ſtarres be merely ſtarres not centrall lights
Why ſwell they into ſo huge bigneſſes?
For many (as Aſtronomers do write)
Our ſun in bigneſſe many times ſurpaſſe.
If both their number and their bulks were leſſe
Yet lower placed, light and influence
Would flow as powerfully, and the boſome preſſe
Of the impregned Earth, that fruit from hence
As fully would ariſe, and lordly affluence.

59

Wherefore theſe fixed Fires mainly attend
Their proper charge in their own Univerſe,
And onely by the by of court'ſie lend
Light to our world, as our world doth reverſe
His thankfull rayes ſo farre as he can pierce
Back unto other worlds. But farre aboven
Further then furtheſt thought of man can traverſe,
Still are new worlds aboven and ſtill aboven,
In the endleſſe hollow Heaven, and each world hath his ſun.

An

60

An hint of this we have in winter-nights,
When reaſon may ſee clearer then our eye,
Small ſubtil ſtarres appear unto our ſights
As thick as pin-duſt ſcattered in the skie.
Here we accuſe our ſeeing facultie
Of weakneſſe, and our ſenſe of foul deceit,
We do accuſe and yet we know not why.
But the plain truth is, from a vaſter hight
The numerous upper worlds amaze our dazzled ſight.

61

Now ſith ſo farre as ſenſe can ever trie
We find new worlds, that ſtill new worlds there be,
And round about in infinite numbers lie,
Further then reach of mans weak phantaſie
(Without ſuſpition of temeritie)
We may conclude; as well as men conclude
That there is aire farre 'bove the mountains high,
Or that th' Earth a ſad ſubſtance doth include
Even to the Centre with like qualities indu'd.

62

For who did ever the Earths Centre pierce,
And felt or ſand or gravell with his ſpade
At ſuch a depth? what Hiſtories rehearſe
That ever wight did dare for to invade
Her bowels but one mile in dampiſh ſhade?
Yet I'll be bold to ſay that few or none
But deem this globe even to the bottome made
Of ſolid earth, and that her nature's one
Throughout, though plain experience hath it never ſhown.

63

But ſith ſad earth ſo farre as they have gone
They ſtill deſcrie, eas'ly they do inferre
Without all check of reaſon, were they down
Never ſo deep, like ſubſtance would appear,
Ne dream of any hollow horrour there.
My mind with like uncurb'd facilitie
Concludes from what by ſight is ſeen ſo clear
That ther's no barren waſt vacuitie
Above the worlds we ſee, but ſtill new worlds there lie,

And

64

And ſtill and ſtill even to infinitie.
Which point ſince I ſo fitly have propos'd,
Abating well the inconſiſtencie
Of harſh infinitude therein ſupposd
And prov'd by reaſons never to be loos'd
That infinite ſpace and infinite worlds there be;
This load laid down, I'm freely now diſpos'd
Awhile to ſing of times infinitie,
May infinite Time afford me but his ſmalleſt fee.

65

For ſmalleſt fee of time will ſerve my turn
This part for to diſpatch, ſith endleſſe ſpace
(Whoſe perplext nature well mans brains might turn,
And weary wits diſorder and miſplace)
I have already paſſed: for like caſe
Is in them both. He that can well untie
The knots that in thoſe infinite worlds found place,
May eaſily anſwer each perplexitie
Of theſe worlds infinite matters endleſſe durancie.

66

The *Cuſpis* and the *Baſis* of the *Cone*
Were both at once diſperſed every where;
But the pure *Baſis* that is God alone:
Elſe would remoteſt ſights as bigge appear
Unto our eyes as if we ſtood them near.
And if an Harper harped in the Moon,
His ſilver ſound would touch our tickled eare:
Or if one hollowed from higheſt Heaven aboven,
In ſweet ſtill Evening-tide, his voice would hither roam.

67

This all would be if the *Cuſpe* of the *Cone*
Were very God. Wherefore I rightly 't deem
Onely a Creaturall projection,
Which flowing yet from God hath ever been,
Fill'd the vaſt empty ſpace with its large ſtreem.
But yet it is not totall every where
As was even now by reaſon rightly ſeen:
Wherefore not God, whoſe nature doth appear
Entirely omnipreſent, weigh'd with judgement clear.

68

A reall infinite matter, distinct
And yet proceeding from the Deitie
Although with different form as then untinct
Has ever been from all Eternitie.
Now what delay can we suppose to be,
Since matter alway was at hand prepar'd
Before the filling of the boundlesse skie
With framed Worlds; for nought at all debar'd, (pair'd.
Nor was His strength ungrown, nor was His strength em-

69

How long would God be forming of a flie?
Or the small wandring moats that play i' th' sun?
Least moment well will serve none can denie,
His *Fiat* spoke and streight the thing is done.
And cannot He make all the World as soon?
For in each Atom of the matter wide
The totall Deitie doth entirely won,
His infinite presence doth therein reside,
And in this presence infinite powers do ever abide.

70

Wherefore at once from all eternitie
The infinite number of these Worlds He made,
And will conserve to all infinitie,
And still drive on their ever-moving trade,
And steddy hold what ever must be staid;
Ne must one mite be minish'd of the summe,
Ne must the smallest atom ever fade,
But still remain though it may change its roon;
This truth abideth strong from everlasting doom.

71

Ne fear I what hard sequel after-wit
Will draw upon me; that the number's one
Of years, moneths, dayes, houres, and of minutes fleet
Which from eternitie have still run on.
I plainly did confesse awhile agone
That be it what it will that's infinite
More infinites will follow thereupon,
But that all infinites do justly fit
And equall be, my reason did not yet admit.

But

72

But as my emboldened mind, I know not how,
In empty Space and pregnant Deitie
Endleſſe infinitude dares to allow,
Though it begets the like perplexitie:
So now my ſoul drunk with Divinitie,
And born away above her uſuall bounds
With confidence concludes infinitie
Of Time of Worlds, of firie flaming Rounds;
Which ſight in ſober mood my ſpirits quite confounds.

73

And now I do awhile but interſpire
A torrent of objections 'gainſt me beat,
My boldneſſe to repreſſe and ſtrength to tire.
But I will wipe them off like ſummer ſweat,
And make their ſtreams ſtreight back again retreat.
If that theſe worlds, ſay they, were ever made
From infinite time, how comes 't to paſſe that yet
Art is not perfected, nor metalls fade,
Nor mines of grimie coal low-hid in grieſly ſhade.

74

But the remembrance of the ancient Floud
With eaſe will waſh ſuch arguments away.
Wherefore with greater might I am withſtood.
The ſtrongeſt ſtroke wherewith they can aſſay
To vanquiſh me is this; The Date or Day
Of the created World, which all admit;
Nor may my modeſt Muſe this truth gainſay
In holy Oracles ſo plainly writ.
Wherefore the Worlds continuance is not infinite.

75

Now lend me, *Origen*! a little wit
This ſturdy ſtroke right fairly to avoid,
Leſt that my raſher rymes, while they ill fit
With *Moſes* pen, men juſtly may deride
And well accuſe of ignorance or pride.
But thou, O holy Sage! with piercing ſight
Who readſt thoſe ſacred rolls, and haſt well tride
With ſearching eye thereto what fitteth right
Thy ſelf of former Worlds right learnedly doſt wri

76

To weet that long ago there Earths have been
Peopled with men and beasts before this Earth,
And after this shall others be again
And other beasts and other humane birth.
Which once admit, no strength that reason bear'th
Of this worlds Date and Adams efformation,
Another Adam once received breath
And still another in endlesse repedation,
And this must perish once by finall conflagration.

77

Witnesse ye Heavens if what I say's not true,
Ye flaming Comets wandering on high,
And new fixt starres found in that Circle blue,
The one espide in glittering *Cassiopie*,
The other near to *Ophiuchus* thigh.
Both bigger then the biggest starres that are,
And yet as farre remov'd from mortall eye
As are the furthest, so those Arts declare
Unto whose reaching sight Heavens mysteries lie bare.

78

Wherefore these new-seen lights were greater once
By many thousand times then this our sphear
Wherein we live, 'twixt good and evil chance.
Which to my musing mind doth strange appear
If those large bodies then first shaped were.
For should so goodly things so soon decay?
Neither did last the full space of two year.
Wherefore I cannot deem that their first day
Of being, when to us they sent out shining ray.

79

But that they were created both of old,
And each in his due time did fair display
Themselves in radiant locks more bright then gold,
Or silver sheen purg'd from all drossie clay.
But how they could themselves in this array
Expose to humane sight, who did before
Lie hid, is that which well amazen may
The wisest man and puzzle evermore:
Yet my unwearied thoughts this search could not give o're.

Which

80

Which when I'd exercis'd in long purſuit;
To finden out what might the beſt agree
With warie reaſon, at laſt I did conclude
That there's no better probabilitie
Can be produc'd of that ſtrange prodigie,
But that ſome mighty Planet that doth run
About ſome fixed ſtarre in *Caſſiopie*
As *Saturn* paceth round about our Sun,
Unuſuall light and bigneſſe by ſtrange fate had wonne.

81

Which I conceive no gainer way is done
Then by the ſiezing of devouring fire
On that dark Orb, which 'fore but dimly ſhone
With borrowed light, not lightened entire,
But halfed like the Moon.
And while the buſie flame did ſieze throughout,
And ſearch the bowels of the loweſt mire
Of that *Saturnian* Earth; a miſt broke out,
And immenſe mountiug ſmoke aroſe all round about.

82

Which being gilded with the piercing rayes
Of its own ſun and every neighbour ſtarre,
It ſoon appear'd with ſhining ſilver blaze,
And then gan firſt be ſeen of men from farre.
Beſides that firie flame that was ſo narre
The Planets ſelf, which greedily did eat
The waſtning mold, did contribute a ſhare
Unto this brightneſſe; and what I conceit
Of this ſtarre doth with that of *Ophiuchus* fit.

83

And like I would adventure to pronounce
Of all the Comets that above the Moon,
Amidſt the higher Planets rudely dance
In courſe perplex, but that from this raſh doom
I'm bett off by their beards and tails farre ſtrown
Along the skie, pointing ſtill oppoſite
Unto the ſun, however they may roam;
Wherefore a cluſter of ſmall ſtarres unite
Theſe meteors ſome do deem, perhaps with judgement right.

84

And that theſe tayls are ſtreams of the ſuns light
Breaking through their near bodies as through clouds.
Beſides the Optick glaſſe has ſhown to ſight
The diſſolution of theſe ſtarrie crouds.
Which thing if 't once be granted and allow'd,
I think without all contradiction
They may conclude theſe Meteors are routs
Of wandring ſtarres, which though they one by one
Cannot be ſeen, yet joyn'd, cauſe this ſtrange viſion.

85

And yet methinks, in my devicefull mind
Some reaſons that may happily repreſſe
Theſe arguments it's not uneath to find.
For how can the ſuns rayes that be tranſmiſſe
Through theſe looſe knots in Comets, well expreſſe
Their beards or curld tayls utmoſt incurvation?
Beſide, the conflux and congeries
Of leſſer lights a double augmentation
Implies, and 'twixt them both a leſſening coarctation.

86

For when as once theſe ſtarres are come ſo nigh
As to ſeem one, the Comet muſt appear
In biggeſt ſhow, becauſe more looſe they lie
Somewhat ſpread out, but as they draw more near
The compaſſe of his head away muſt wear,
Till he be brought to his leaſt magnitude;
And then they paſſing croſſe, he doth repair
Himſelf, and ſtill from his laſt loſſe renew'd
Grows till he reach the meaſure which we firſt had view'd.

87

And then farre diſtanc'd they bid quite adiew,
Each holding on in ſolitude his way.
Ne any footſteps in the empty Blew
Is to be found of that farre-ſhining ray.
Which proceſſe ſith no man did yet bewray,
It ſeems unlikely that the Comets be
Synods of ſtarres that in wide Heaven ſtray.
Their ſmallneſſe eke and numeroſitie
Encreaſeth doubt and leſſens probabilitie.

88

A cluſter of them makes not half a Moon,
What ſhould ſuch tennis-balls do in the skie?
And few 'll not figure out the faſhion
Of thoſe round firie meteors on high.
Ne ought their beards much move us, that do lie
Ever caſt forward from the Morning ſunne,
Nor back caſt tayls turn'd to our Evening-eye,
That fair appear when as the day is done.
This matter may lie hid in the ſtarres ſhadowed Cone.

89

For in theſe Planets conflagration,
Although the ſmoke mount up exactly round,
Yet by the ſuns irradiation
Made thin and ſubtil no where elſe its found
By ſight, ſave in the dim and duskiſh bound
Of the projected Pyramid opake,
Opake with darkneſſe, ſmoke and miſts unſound.
Yet gilded like a foggie cloud doth make
Reflection of fair light that doth our ſenſes take.

90

This is the reaſon of that conſtant ſite
Of Comets tayls and beards: And that their ſhow's
Not pure Pyramidall, nor their ends ſeem ſtreight
But bow'd like brooms, is from the winds that blow,
I mean Ethereall winds, ſuch as below
Men finden under th' Equinoctiall line.
Their widend beards this aire ſo broad doth ſtrow
Incurvate, and or more or leſſe decline:
If not, let ſharper wits more ſubtly here divine.

91

But that experiment of the Optick glaſſe
The greateſt argument of all I deem,
Ne can I well encounter nor let paſſe
So ſtrong a reaſon if I may eſteem
The feat withouten fallacie to been,
Nor judge theſe little ſparks and ſubtile lights
Some auncient fixed ſtarres though now firſt ſeen,
That near the ruin'd Comets place were pight,
On which that Optic inſtrument by chance did light.

92

Nor finally an uncouth after-ſport
Of th' immenſe vapours that the ſearching fire
Had boyled out, which now themſelves conſort
In ſeverall parts and cloſely do conſpire,
Clumper'd in balls of clouds and globes entire
Of crudled ſmoke and heavy clunging miſts;
Which when they've ſtaid awhile at laſt expire;
But while they ſtay any may ſee that liſts
So be that Optick Art his naturall ſight aſſiſts.

93

If none of theſe wayes I may well decline
The urging weight of this hard argument,
Worſt is but parting ſtakes and thus define:
Some Comets be but ſingle Planets brent,
Others a ſynod joyn'd in due conſent:
And that no new found Meteors they are.
Ne further may my wary mind aſſent
From one ſingle experience ſolitaire,
Till all-diſcovering Time ſhall further truth declare.

94

But for the new fixt ſtarres there's no pretence,
Nor beard nor tail to take occaſion by,
To bring in that unluckie inference
Which weaken might this new built myſterie.
Certes in raging fire they both did frie.
A ſigne whereof you rightly may aread
Their colours changeable varietie
Firſt clear and white, then yellow, after red,
Then blewly pale, then duller ſtill, till perfect dead.

95

And as the order of theſe colours went,
So ſtill decreas'd that Caſſiopean ſtarre,
Till at the length to ſight it was quite ſpent:
Which obſervations ſtrong reaſons are,
Conſuming fire its body did empare
And turn to aſhes. And the like will be
In all the darkſome Planets wide and farre.
Ne can our Earth from this ſtate ſtanden free
A Planet as the reſt, and Planets fate muſt trie.

96

Ne let the tender heart too harſhly deem
Of this rude ſentence: for what rigour more
Is in conſuming fire then drowning ſtream
Of Noahs floud which all creaturs choak'd of yore,
Saving thoſe few that were kept ſafe in ſtore
In that well builded ſhip? All elſe beſide
Men, birds, and beaſts, the lion, buck, and bore
Dogs, kine, ſheep, horſes all that did abide
Upon the ſpacious earth, periſh'd in waters wide.

97

Nor let the ſlow and misbelieving wight
Doubt how the fire on the hard earth may ſeize;
No more then how thoſe waters erſt did light
Upon the ſinfull world. For as the ſeas
Boyling with ſwelling waves aloft did riſe,
And met with mighty ſhowers and pouring rain
From Heavens ſpouts; ſo the broad flaſhing skies
Thickned with brimſtone and clouds of fiery bain
Shall meet with raging Etna's and Veſuvius flame.

98

The burning bowels of this waſting ball
Shall gullup up great flakes of rolling fire,
And belch out pitchie flames, till over all
Having long rag'd, Vulcan himſelf ſhall tire
And (th' earth an aſhheap made) ſhall then expire:
Here Nature laid aſleep in her own Urn
With gentle reſt right eaſly will reſpire,
Till to her priſtine task ſhe do return
As freſh as Phenix young under th' Arabian Morn.

99

O happy they that then the firſt are born,
While yet the world is in her vernall pride:
For old corruption quite away is worn
As metall pure ſo is her mold well tride.
Sweet dews, cool-breathing airs, and ſpaces wide
Of precious ſpicery wafted with ſoft wind:
Fair comely bodies goodly beautifi'd
Snow-limb'd, roſe-cheek'd, ruby-lip'd, pearl-ted, ſtar eyn'd
Their parts each fair in fit proportion all conbin'd.

For

100

For all the while her purged aſhes reſt
Theſe rellicks dry ſuck in the heavenly dew,
And roſcid Manna rains upon her breaſt,
And fills with ſacred milk ſweet freſh and new,
Where all take life and doth the world renew;
And then renew'd with pleaſure be yfed.
A green ſoft mantle doth her boſome ſtrew
With fragrant herbs and flowers embelliſhed,
Where without fault or ſhame all living creatures bed.

101

Ne ought we doubt how Nature may recover
In her own aſhes long time buried.
For nought can ever conſume that centrall power
Of hid ſpermatick life, which lies not dead
In that rude heap, but ſafely covered;
And doth by ſecret force ſuck from above
Sweet heavenly juice, and therewith nouriſhed
Till her juſt bulk, ſhe doth her life emprove,
Made mother of much children that about her move.

102

Witneſſe that uncouth bird of Arabie
Which out of her own ruines doth revive
With all th' exploits of skillfull Chymiſtrie,
Such as no vnlgar wit can well believe.
Let univerſall Nature witneſſe give
That what I ſing 's no feigned forgerie:
A needleſſe task new fables to contrive,
But what I ſing is ſeemly verity
Well ſuting with right reaſon and Philoſophie.

103

But the fit time of this mutation
No man can finden out with all his pains.
For the ſmall ſphears of humane reaſon run
Too ſwift within his narrow compaſt brains.
But that vaſt Orb of Providence contains
A wider period; tnrneth ſtill and ſlow.
Yet at the laſt his aimed end he gains.
And ſure at laſt a fire will overflow
The aged Earth, and all muſt into aſhes go.

104

Then all the ſtately works and monuments
Built on this bottome ſhall to ruine fall.
And all thoſe goodly ſtatues ſhall be brent
Which were erect to the memoriall
Of Kings Kæſars, ne may better 'fall
The boaſtfull works of brave Poetick pride
That promiſe life and fame perpetuall;
Ne better fate may theſe poor lines abide.
Betide what will to what may live no lenger tide!

105

This is the courſe that never-dying Nature
Might ever hold from all Eternitie,
Renuing ſtill the faint decayed creature
Which would grow ſtark and drie as aged tree,
Unleſſe by wiſe preventing Deſtinie
She were at certain periods of years
Reduced back unto her Infancie,
Which well fram'd argument (as plain appears)
My ſhip from thoſe hard rocks and ſhelves right ſafely ſtears.

106

Lo! now my faithfull muſe hath repreſented
Both frames of Providence to open view,
And hath each point in orient colours painted
Not to deceive the ſight with ſeeming ſhew
But earneſt to give either part their due;
Now urging th' uncouth ſtrange perplexitie
Of infinite worlds and Time. then of a new
Softening that harſher inconſiſtencie
To fit the immenſe goodneſſe of the Deity.

107

And here by curious men 't may be expected
That I this knot with judgement grave decide,
And then proceed to what elſe was objected.
But, ah! What mortall wit may dare t' areed
Heavens counſels in eternall horrour hid?
And Cynthius pulls me by my tender ear
Such ſignes I muſt obſerve with wary heed:
Wherefore my reſtleſſe Muſe at length forbear.
Thy ſilver ſounded Lute hang up in ſilence here.

FINIS.

Cupids Conflict.

Mela. Cleanthes.

Cl. MEla my dear! why been thy looks ſo ſad
As if thy gentle heart were ſunk with care?
Impart thy caſe; for be it good or bad
Friendſhip in either will bear equall ſhare.
Mel. Not ſo; *Cleanthes*, for if bad it be
My ſelf muſt bleed afreſh by wounding thee.

But what it is, my ſlow, uncertain wit
Cannot well judge. But thou ſhalt ſentence give
How manfully of late my ſelf I quit,
When with that lordly lad by chance I ſtrive.
Cl. Of friendſhip *Mela*! let's that ſtory hear.
Mel. Sit down *Cleanthes* then, and lend thine ear.

Upon a day as beſt did pleaſe my mind
Walking abroad amidſt the verdant field
Scattering my carefull thoughts i'th' wanton wind
The pleaſure of my path ſo farre had till'd
My feeble feet that without timely reſt
Uneath it were to reach my wonted neſt.

In ſecret ſhade farre moved from mortals ſight
In lowly dale my wandring limbs I laid
On the cool graſſe where Natures pregnant wit
A goodly bower of thickeſt trees had made.
Amongſt the leaves the chearfull birds did fare
And ſweetly carrol'd to the echoing air.

Hard at my feet ran down a cryſtall ſpring
Which did the cumbrous pebbles hoarſly chide
For ſtanding in the way. Though murmuring
The broken ſtream his courſe did rightly guide
And ſtrongly preſſing forward with diſdain
The graſſie flore divided into twain.

The

The place a while did feed my fooliſh eye
As being new, and eke mine idle ear
Did liſten oft to that wild harmonie
And oft my curious phanſie would compare
How well agreed the Brooks low muttering Baſe,
With the birds trebbles pearch'd on higher place.

But ſenſes objects ſoon do glut the ſoul,
Or rather weary with their emptineſſe;
So I, all heedleſſe how the waters roll
And mindleſſe of the mirth the birds expreſſe,
Into my ſelf 'gin ſoftly to retire
After hid heavenly pleaſures to enquire.

While I this enterprize do entertain;
Lo! on the other ſide in thickeſt buſhes
A mighty noiſe! with that a naked ſwain
With blew and purple wings ſtreight rudely ruſhes.
He leaps down light upon the flowry green,
Like ſight before mine eyes had never ſeen.

At's ſnowy back the boy a quiver wore
Right fairly wrought and gilded all with gold.
A ſilver bow in his left hand he bore,
And in his right a ready ſhaft did hold.
Thus armed ſtood he and betwixt us tway
The labouring brook did break his toilſome way.

The wanton lad whoſe ſport is others pain
Did charge his bended bow with deadly dart,
And drawing to the head with might and main,
With fell intent he aim'd to hit my heart.
But ever as he ſhot his arrows ſtill
In their mid courſe dropt down into the rill.

Of wondrous virtues that in waters been
Is needleſſe to rehearſe, all books do ring
Of thoſe ſtrange rarities. But ne're was ſeen
Such virtue as reſided in this ſpring.
The novelty did make me much admire
But ſtirr'd the haſty youth to ragefull ire.

As heedleſſe fowls that take their per'lous flight
Over that bane of birds, *Averno lake*,
Do drop down dead: ſo dead his ſhafts did light
Amid this ſtream, which preſently did ſlake
Their fiery points, and all their feathers wet
Which made the youngſter Godling inly fret.

Thus luſtfull Love (this was that love I ween)
Was wholly changed to conſuming ire.
And eath it was, ſith they're ſo near a kin
They be both born of one rebellious fire.
But he ſuppreſt his wrath and by and by
For feathered darts, he winged words let flie.

Vain man! ſaid he, and would thou wer'ſt not vain
That hid'ſt thy ſelf in ſolitary ſhade
And ſpil'ſt thy precious youth in ſad diſdain
Hating this lifes delight! Hath God thee made
Part of this world, and wilt not thou partake
Of this worlds pleaſure for its makers ſake?

Unthankfull wretch! Gods gifts thus to reject
And maken nought of Natures goodly dower
That milders ſtill away through thy neglect
And dying fades like unregarded flower.
This life is good, what's good thou muſt improve,
The higheſt improvement of this life is love.

Had I (but O that envious Deſtinie,
Or Stygian vow, or thrice accurſed charm
Should in this place free paſſage thus denie
Unto my ſhafts as meſſengers of harm!
Had I but once transfixt thy froward breaſt,
How would'ſt thou then —— I ſtaid not for the reſt;

But thus half angry to the boy replide:
How would'ſt thou then my ſoul of ſenſe bereave!
I blinded, thee more blind ſhould chooſe my guide!
How would'ſt thou then my muddied mind deceive
With fading ſhows, that in my errour vile,
Baſe luſt, I love ſhould tearm, vice, virtue ſtile.

How

How ſhould my wicked rymes then idolize
Thy wretched power, and with impious wit
Impute thy baſe born paſſions to the skies
And my ſouls ſickneſſe count an heavenly fit,
My weakneſſe ſtrength, my wiſdome to be caught
My bane my bliſſe, mine eaſe to be o'rewraught.

How often through my fondly feigning mind
And frantick phanſie, in my Miſtris eye
Should I a thouſand fluttering Cupids find
Bathing their buſie wings? How oft eſpie
Under the ſhadow of her eye-brows fair
Ten thouſand Graces ſit all naked bare?

Thus haunted ſhould I be with ſuch feat fiends:
A pretty madneſſe were my portion due.
Fooliſh my ſelf I would not hear my friends.
Should deem the true for falſe, the falſe for true.
My way all dark more ſlippery then ice
My attendents, anger, pride, and jealouſies.

Unthankfull then to God I ſhould neglect
All the whole world for one poor ſorry wight,
Whoſe peſtilent eye into my heart project
Would burn like poyſonous Comet in my ſpright.
Aye me! how diſmall then would prove that day
Whoſe onely light ſprang from ſo fatall ray.

Who ſeeks for pleaſure in this mortall life
By diving deep into the body baſe
Shall looſe true pleaſure: But who gainly ſtrive
Their ſinking ſoul above this bulk to place
Enlarg'd delight they certainly ſhall find
Unbounded joyes to fill their boundleſſe mind.

When I my ſelf from mine own ſelf do quit
And each thing elſe; then an all-ſpreaden love
To the vaſt Univerſe my ſoul doth fit
Makes me half equall to all-ſeeing Jove.
My mighty wings high ſtretch'd then clapping light
I bruſh the ſtarres and make them ſhine more bright.

Then

Then all the works of God with cloſe embrace
I dearly hug in my enlarged arms
All the hid paths of heavenly Love I trace
And boldly liſten to his ſecret charms.
Then clearly view I where true light doth riſe,
And where eternall Night low-preſſed lies.

Thus loſe I not by leaving ſmall delight
But gain more joy, while I my ſelf ſuſpend
From this and that; for then with all unite
I all enjoy, and love that love commends.
That all is more then loves the partiall ſoul
Whoſe petty loves th' impartiall fates controll.

Ah fon! ſaid he, (and laughed very loud)
That trickſt thy tongue with uncouth ſtrange diſguize,
Extolling highly that with ſpeeches proud
To mortall men that humane ſtate denies,
And raſhly blaming what thou never knew
Let men experienc'd ſpeak, if they 'll ſpeak true.

Had I once lanc'd thy froward flinty heart
And cruddled bloud had thawn with living fire
And prickt thy drouſie ſprite with gentle ſmart
How wouldſt thou wake to kindly ſweet deſire,
Thy ſoul fill'd up with overflowing pleaſures
Would dew thy lips with hony-dropping meaſures.

Then wouldſt thou caroll loud and ſweetly ſing
In honour of my ſacred Deity
That all the woods and hollow hills would ring
Reechoing thy heavenly harmonie.
And eke the hardy rocks with full rebounds
Would faithfully return thy ſilver ſounds.

Next unto me would be thy Miſtreſſe fair,
Whom thou might ſetten out with goodly skill
Her peerleſſe beauty and her virtues rare,
That all would wonder at thy gracefull quill.
And laſtly in us both thy ſelf ſhouldſt raiſe
And crown thy temples with immortall bayes.

But now thy riddles all men do neglect,
Thy rugged lines of all do lie forlorn.
Unwelcome rymes that rudely do detect
The Readers ignorance. Men holden ſcorn
To be ſo often non-pluſd or to ſpell,
And on one ſtanza a whole age to dwell.

Beſides this harſh and hard obſcuritie
Of the hid ſenſe, thy words are barbarous
And ſtrangely new, and yet too frequently
Return, as uſuall plain and obvious,
So that the ſhow of the new thick-ſet patch
Marres all the old with which it ill doth match.

But if thy haughty mind, forſooth, would deign
To ſtoop ſo low to hearken to my lore,
Then wouldſt thou with trim lovers not diſdeign
To adorn the outſide, ſet the beſt before.
Nor rub nor wrinkle would thy verſes ſpoil
Thy rymes ſhould run as glib and ſmooth as oyl.

If that be all, ſaid I, thy reaſons ſlight
Can never move my well eſtabliſhd mind.
Full well I wote alwayes the preſent ſprite,
Or life that doth poſſeſſe the ſoul, doth blind,
Shutting the windows 'gainſt broad open day
Leſt fairer ſights its uglineſſe bewray.

The ſoul then loves that diſpoſition beſt
Becauſe no better comes unto her view.
The drunkard drunkenneſſe, the ſluggard reſt,
Th' Ambitious honour and obeiſance due.
So all the reſt do love their vices baſe
'Cauſe virtues beauty comes not into place.

And looſer love 'gainſt Chaſtitie divine
Would ſhut the door that he might ſit alone.
Then wholly ſhould my mind to him incline:
And woxen ſtrait, (ſince larger love was gone)
That paultrie ſprite of low contracting luſt
Would fit my ſoul as if 't were made for 't juſt.

Then ſhould I with my fellow bird or brute
So ſtrangely metamorphis'd, either ney
Or bellow loud: or if 't may better ſute
Chirp out my joy pearch'd upon higher ſpray.
My paſſions fond with impudence rehearſe,
Immortalize my madneſſe in a verſe.

This is the ſumme of thy deceiving boaſt
That I vain ludeneſſe highly ſhould admire,
When I the ſenſe of better things have loſt
And chang'd my heavenly heat for helliſh fire,
Paſſion is blind, but virtues piercing eye
Approching danger can from farre eſpie.

And what thou doſt Pedantickly object
Concerning my rude rugged uncouth ſtyle,
As childiſh toy I manfully neglect,
And at thy hidden ſnares do inly ſmile.
How ill alas! with wiſdome it accords
To ſell my living ſenſe for liveleſſe words.

My thought 's the fitteſt meaſure of my tongue,
Wherefore I'll uſe what's moſt ſignificant,
And rather then my inward meaning wrong
Or my full-ſhining notion trimly ſcant,
I'll conjure up old words out of their grave,
Or call freſh forrein force in if need crave.

And theſe attending on my moving mind
Shall duly uſher in the fitting ſenſe.
As oft as meet occaſion I find.
Unuſuall words oft uſed give leſſe offence;
Nor will the old contexture dim or marre,
For often us'd they're next to old, thred-bare.

And if the old ſeem in too ruſtie hew,
Then frequent rubbing makes them ſhine like gold,
And gliſter all with colour gayly new.
Wherefore to uſe them both we will be bold.
Thus liſts me fondly with fond folk to toy,
And anſwer fools with equall foolerie.

The meaner mind works with more nicetie,
As ſpiders wont to weave their idle web,
But braver ſpirits do all things gallantly
Of leſſer failings nought at all affred:
So Natures careleſſe pencill dipt in light
With ſprinkled ſtarres hath ſpattered the Night.

And if my notions clear though rudely thrown
And looſely ſcattered in my poeſie,
May lend men light till the dead Night be gone,
And Morning freſh with roſes ſtrew the skie:
It is enough, I meant no trimmer frame
Or by nice needle-work to ſeek a name.

Vain man! that ſeekeſt name mongſt earthly men
Devoid of God and all good virtuous lere;
Who groping in the dark do nothing ken
But mad; with griping care their ſouls do tear,
Or burſt with hatred or with envie pine
Or burn with rage or melt out at their eyne.

Thrice happy he whoſe name is writ above,
And doeth good though gaining infamie;
Requiteth evil turns with hearty love,
And recks not what befalls him outwardly:
Whoſe worth is in himſelf, and onely bliſſe
In his pure conſcience that doth nought amiſſe.

Who placeth pleaſure in his purged ſoul
And virtuous life his treaſure doth eſteem;
Who can his paſſions maſter aud controll,
And that true lordly manlineſſe doth deem,
Who from this world himſelf hath clearly quit
Counts nought his own but what lives in his ſprite.

So when his ſprite from this vain world ſhall flit
It bears all with it whatſoever was dear
Unto it ſelf, paſſing in eaſie fit,
As kindly ripen'd corn comes out of th' eare.
Thus mindleſſe of what idle men will ſay
He takes his own and ſtilly goes his way.

But the retinue of proud Lucifer,
Thoſe bluſtering Poets that ſlie after fame
And deck themſelves like the bright Morning-ſtarre.
Alas! it is but all a crackling flame.
For death will ſtrip them of that glorious plume
That airie bliſſe will vaniſh into fume.

For can their carefull ghoſts from Limbo lake
Return, or liſten from the bowed skie
To heare how well their learned lines do take?
Or if they could; is Heavens felicitie
So ſmall as by mans praiſe to be encreas'd,
Hells pain no greater then hence to be eas'd?

Therefore once dead in vain ſhall I tranſmit
My ſhadow to gazing Poſteritie;
Caſt farre behind me I ſhall never ſee't,
On Heavens fair Sunne having faſt fixt mine eye.
Nor while I live, heed I what man doth praiſe
Or underprize mine unaffected layes.

What moves thee then, ſaid he, to take the pains
And ſpenden time if thou contemn'ſt the fruit?
Sweet fruit of fame, that fills the Poets brains
With high conceit and feeds his fainting wit.
How pleaſant 'tis in honour here to live
And dead, thy name for ever to ſurvive!

Or is thy abject mind ſo baſely bent
As of thy Muſe to maken Merchandize?
(And well I wote this is no ſtrange intent.)
The hopefull glimps of gold from chattering Pies,
From Daws and Crows, and Parots oft hath wrung
An unexpected Pegaſeian ſong.

Foul ſhame on him, quoth I, that ſhamefull thought
Doth entertain within his dunghill breaſt,
Both God and Nature hath my ſpirits wrought
To better temper and of old hath bleſt
My loftie ſoul with more divine aſpires
Then to be touchd with ſuch vile low deſires:

I hate and highly ſcorn that Keſtrell kind
Of baſtard ſcholars that ſubordinate
The precious choice induements of the mind
To wealth or worldly good. Adulterate
And curſed brood! Your wit and will are born
Of th' earth and circling thither do return.

Profit and honour be thoſe meaſures ſcant
Of your ſlight ſtudies and endeavours vain,
And when you once have got what you did want
You leave your learning to enjoy your gain.
Your brains grow low, your bellies ſwell up high,
Foul ſluggiſh fat ditts up your dulled eye.

Thus what the earth did breed, to th' earth is gone,
Like fading hearb or feebly drooping flower,
By feet of men and beaſt quite trodden down,
The muck-ſprung learning cannot long endure.
Back ſhe returns loſt in her filthy ſource,
Drown'd, chok'd or ſlocken by her cruell nurſe.

True virtue to her ſelf's the beſt reward,
Rich with her own and full of lively ſpirit,
Nothing caſt down for want of due regard,
Or 'cauſe rude men acknowledge not her merit.
She knows her worth and ſtock from whence ſhe ſprung,
Spreads fair without the warmth of earthly dung,

Dew'd with the drops of Heaven ſhall flouriſh long;
As long as day and night do ſhare the skie,
And though that day and night ſhould fail yet ſtrong
And ſteddie, fixed on Eternitie
Shall bloom for ever. So the ſoul ſhall ſpeed
That loveth virtue for no worldly meed.

Though ſooth to ſayn, the worldly meed is due
To her more then to all the world beſide.
Men ought do homage with affections true
And offer gifts for God doth there reſide.
The wiſe and virtuous ſoul is his own ſeat
To ſuch what's given God himſelf doth get.

But earthly minds whoſe ſight's ſeal'd up with mud
Diſcern not this fleſh-clouded Deity,
Ne do acknowledge any other good
Then what their mole-warp hands can feel and trie
By groping touch; thus (worth of them unſeen)
Of nothing worthy that true worth they ween.

Wherefore the prudent Law-givers of old
Even in all Nations, with right ſage foreſight
Diſcovering from farre how clums and cold
The vulgar wight would be to yield what's right
To virtuous learning, did by law deſigne
Great wealth and honour to that worth divine.

But nought 's by law to Poeſie due ſaid he,
Ne doth the ſolemn Stateſmans head take care
Of thoſe that ſuch impertinent pieces be
Of common-weals. Thou 'd better then to ſpare
Thy uſeleſſe vein. Or tell elſe, what may move
Thy buſie Muſe ſuch fruitleſſe pains to prove.

No pains but pleaſure to do the dictates dear
Of inward living nature. What doth move
The Nightingall to ſing ſo ſweet and clear
The Thruſh, or Lark that mounting high above
Chants her ſhrill notes to heedleſſe ears of corn
Heavily hanging in the dewy morn.

When life can ſpeak, it can not well withhold
T' expreſſe its own impreſſions and hid life.
Or joy or grief that ſmoothered lie untold
Do vex the heart and wring with reſtleſſe ſtrife.
Then are my labours no true pains but eaſe
My ſouls unreſt they gently do appeaſe.

Beſides, that is not fruitleſſe that no gains
Brings to my ſelf. I others profit deem
Mine own: and if at theſe my heavenly flames
Others receiven light, right well I ween
My time 's not loſt. Art thou now ſatisfide
Said I: to which the ſcoffing boy replide.

Great hope indeed thy rymes ſhould men enlight,
That be with clouds and darkneſſe all o'recaſt,
Harſh ſtyle and harder ſenſe void of delight
The Readers wearied eye in vain do waſt.
And when men win thy meaning with much pain,
Thy uncouth ſenſe they coldly entertain.

For wotſt thou not that all the world is dead
Unto that Genius that moves in thy vein
Of poetrie! But like by like is fed.
Sing of my Trophees in triumphant ſtrein,
Then correſpondent life, thy powerfull verſe
Shall ſtrongly ſtrike and with quick paſſion pierce.

The tender frie of lads and laſſes young
With thirſtie eare thee compaſſing about,
Thy Nectar-dropping Muſe, thy ſugar'd ſong
Will ſwallow down with eagre hearty draught;
Reliſhing truly what thy rymes convey,
And highly praiſing thy ſoul-ſmiting lay.

The mincing maid her mind will then bewray,
Her heart-bloud flaming up into her face,
Grave matrons will wex wanton and betray
Their unreſolv'dneſſe in their wonted grace;
Young boyes and girls would feel a forward ſpring,
And former youth to eld thou back wouldſt bring.

All Sexes, Ages, Orders, Occupations
Would liſten to thee with attentive ear,
And eas'ly moved with thy ſweet perſwaſions,
Thy pipe would follow with full merry chear.
While thou thy lively voice didſt loud advance
Their tickled bloud for joy would inly dance.

But now, alas! poore ſolitarie man!
In loneſome deſert thou doſt wander wide,
To ſeek and ſerve thy diſappearing Pan,
Whom no man living in the world hath eyde:
For Pan is dead but I am ſtill alive,
And live in men who honour to me give:

They

They honour alſo thoſe that honour me
With ſacred ſongs. But thou now ſingſt to trees
To rocks to Hills, to Caves that ſenſeleſſe be
And mindleſſe quite of thy hid myſteries,
In the void aire thy idle voice is ſpread,
Thy Muſe is muſick to the deaf or dead.

Now out alas! ſaid I, and wele-away
The tale thou telleſt I confeſſe too true.
Fond man ſo doteth on this living clay
His carcaſe dear, and doth its joyes purſue,
That of his precious ſoul he takes no keep
Heavens love and reaſons light lie faſt aſleep.

This bodies life vain ſhadow of the ſoul
With full deſire they cloſely do embrace,
In fleſhly mud like ſwine they wallow and roll,
The loftieſt mind is proud but of the face
Or outward perſon; if men but adore
That walking ſepulchre, cares for no more.

This is the meaſure of mans induſtry
To wexen ſome body and getten grace
To 's outward preſence; though true majeſtie
Crown'd with that heavenly light and lively rayes
Of holy weſdome and Seraphick love,
From his deformed ſoul he farre remove.

Slight knowledge and leſſe virtue ſerves his turn
For this deſigne. If he hath trod the ring
Of pedling arts; in uſuall pack-horſe form
Keeping the rode; O! then 't's a learned thing.
If any chanc'd to write or ſpeak what he
Conceives not 't were a foul diſcourteſie.

To cleanſe the ſoul from ſinne, and ſtill diffide
Whether our reaſons eye be clear enough
To intromit true light, that fain would glide
Into purg'd hearts, this way 's too harſh and rough:
Therefore the cleareſt truths may well ſeem dark
When ſloathfull men have eyes ſo dimme and ſtark.

Theſe be our times. But if my minds preſage
Bear any moment, they can ne're laſt long,
A three branch'd Flame will ſoon ſweep clean the ſtage
Of this old dirty droſſe and all wex young.
My words into this frozen air I throw
Will then grow vocall at that generall thaw.

Nay, now thou 'rt perfect mad, ſaid he, with ſcorn,
And full of foul deriſion quit the place,
The skie did rattle with his wings ytorn
Like to rent ſilk. But I in the mean ſpace
Sent after him this meſſage by the wind
Be 't ſo I 'm mad, yet ſure I am thou 'rt blind.

By this the out-ſtretch'd ſhadows of the trees
Pointed me home-ward, and with one conſent
Foretold the dayes deſcent. So ſtraight I riſe
Gathering my limbs from off the green pavement
Behind me leaving then the ſlooping Light.
Cl. And now let's up, *Veſper* brings on the Night.

FINIS.

A Particular Interpretation appertaining to the three laſt books of the Platonick Song of the Soul.

A

A Tom-lives. The ſame that Centrall lives. Both the terms denotate the indiviſibility of the inmoſt eſſence it ſelf; the pure eſſentiall form I mean, of plant, beaſt or man, yea of angels themſelves, good or bad.

Apogee, *Autokineticall*, *Ananke*, *Acronycall*, *Alethea-land*, } See Interpret. Gen.

Animadverſall. That lively inward animadverſall. It is the ſoul it ſelf, for I cannot conceive the body doth animadvert; when as objects plainly expoſed to the ſight are not diſcovered till the ſoul takes notice of them.

B

Body. The ancient Philoſphers have defined it, Τὸ τριχῇ διάστατον μετ' ἀντιτυπίας. *Sext. Emperic. Pyrrhon. Hypotyp. lib. 3. cap. 5.* Near to this is that deſcription, *Pſychathan*, Cant. 2. Stanz. 12. lib. 2, *Matter extent in three dimenſions.* But for that ἀντιτυπία, ſimple trinall diſtenſion doth not imply it, wherefore I declin'd it. But took in *matter* according to their conceit, that phanſie *à Materia prima*, I acknowledge none, and conſequently no ſuch *corpus naturale* as our Phyſiologiſt make the ſubject of that ſcience. That Τριχῇ διάστατον ἀντίτυπον is nothing but a fixt ſpirit, the conſpiſſation or coagulation of the Cuſpidall particles of the Cone, which are indeed the Centrall Taſis, or inward eſſence of the ſenſible world. Theſe be an infinite number of vitall Atoms that may be wakened into diverſe tinctures, or energies, into fiery, watery, earthy, &c. And one divine *Fiat* can unlooſe them all into an univerſall miſt, or turn them out of that ſweat into a drie and pure Etheriall temper. Theſe be the laſt projections of life from the ſoul of the world; and are act or form though debil and indifferent, like that which they call the firſt matter. But they are not meerly paſſive but

but meet their information half way, as I may ſo ſpeak: are radiant *ab intimo* and awake into this or the other operation, by the powerfull appulſe of ſome ſuperadvenient form. That which change of Phantaſmes is to the ſoul, that is alteration of rayes to them. For their rayes are *ab intrinſeco*, as the phantaſmes of the ſoul. Theſe be the reall matter of which all ſuppoſed bodies are compounded, and this matter (as I ſaid) is form and life, ſo that all is life and form what ever is in the world, as I have ſomewhere intimated in *Antipſychopan:* But however I uſe the terme *body* ordinarily in the uſuall and vulgar acception. And for that ſenſe of the ancients, neareſt to which I have defined it in the place firſt above mentioned, that I ſeem not to chooſe that ſame as moſt eaſie to proceed againſt in diſproving the corporeity of the ſoul, the arguments do as neceſſarily conclude againſt ſuch a naturall body as is ordinarily deſcribed in Phyſiologie (as you may plainly diſcern if you liſt to obſerve) as alſo againſt this body compoſed of the Cuſpidall particles of the Cone. For though they be Centrall lives, yet are they neither Plaſticall, Senſitive, or Rationall, ſo farre are they from proving to be the humane ſoul whoſe nature is there diſcuſt:

C

Cone: Is a ſolid figure made by the turning of a rectangular triangle, about; one of the ſides that include the right angle reſting, which will be then the Axis of the compleated Cone. But I take it ſometimes for the comprehenſion of all things, God himſelf not left out, whom I tearm the *Baſis* of the *Cone* or *Univerſe*. And becauſe all from him deſcends, καθ' ὑποστολήν, with abatement or contraction, I give the name of *Cone* to the Univerſe. And of Cone rather then Pyramid becauſe of the roundneſſe of the figure, which the effluxes of all things imitate.

Chaos,
Chronicall, } See interpret. Gen.
Clare,

Circulation, The terme is taken from a toyiſh obſervation, *viz.* the circling of water when a ſtone is caſt into a ſtanding pool. The motion drives on circularly, the firſt rings are thickeſt, but the further they go they grow the thinner, till they vaniſh into nothing. Such is the diffuſion of

the

the ſpecies audible in the ſtrucken aire, as alſo of the viſible ſpecies. In brief any thing is ſaid to circulate that diffuſeth its image or ſpecies in a round. It might have been more ſignificantly called orbiculation; ſeeing this circumfuſion makes not onely a circle, but fills a ſphere, which may be called the ſphere of activity. Yet Circulation more fitly ſets out the diminution of activity, from thoſe ringes in the water which as they grow in compaſſe, abate in force and thickneſſe. But ſometimes I uſe Circulate in an ordinary ſenſe to turn round, or return in a circle.

Centre, Centrall, Centrality. When they are uſed out of their ordinary ſenſe, they ſignifie the depth or inmoſt being of any thing, from whence its acts and energies flow forth. See *Atom-lives.*

Cuſpis of the *Cone.* The multiplide Cuſpis of the Cone is nothing but the laſt projection of life from Pſyche, which is ▭ a liquid fire or fire and water, which are the corporeall or materiall principles of all things, changed or diſgregated (if they be centrally diſtinguiſhable) and again mingled by the virtue of Phyſis or Spermaticall life of the world; of theſe are the Sunne and all the Planets, they being kned together, and fixt by the Centrall power of each Planet and Sunne. The volatile Ether is alſo of the ſame, and all the bodies of plants, beaſts and men. Theſe are they which we handle and touch, a ſufficient number compact together. For neither is the noiſe of thoſe little flies in a ſummer-evening audible ſeverally: but a full Quire of them ſtrike the ear with a pretty kind of buzzing. Strong and tumultuous pleaſure and ſcorching pain reſide in theſe, they being eſſentiall and centrall, but ſight and hearing are onely of the images of theſe, See *Body.*

Eternitie. Is the ſteddie comprehenſion of all things at once. See Æon diſcribed in my Expoſ. upon Pſychozoia.

Energie, It is a peculiar Platonicall terme. In my Interpret. Gen. I expounded it Operation, Efflux, Activity. None of thoſe words bear the full ſenſe of it. The examples there are fit, *viz.* the light of the Sunne, the phantaſms of the ſoul. We may collect the genuine ſenſe of the word by comparing ſeverall places in the Philoſopher. Ἔχει γὰρ ἕκαστον τῶν ὄντων ἐνέργειαν, ἥ ἐστιν ὁμοίωμα αὐτοῦ, ὥστε αὐτῆς

ὄντος

ὄντος, καὶ κεῖνο ἔστι), καὶ μένοντος φθάνειν εἰς τὸ πόρρω, τὸ μὲν ἐπὶ πλέον, τὸ δὲ εἰς ἔλαττον. Καὶ αἱ μὲν ἀσθενεῖς καὶ ἀμυδραὶ, αἱ δὲ καὶ λανθάνουσι, τῶν δ' ἐσὶ μείζως καὶ εἰς τὸ πόρρω. *For every being hath its Energie, which is the image of it self, so that it existing that Energie doth also exist, and standing still is projected forward more or lesse. And some of those energies are weak and obscure, others hid or undiscernable, othersome greater and of a larger projection.* Plotin. Ennead. 4. lib. 5. cap. 7. And again, Ennead. 3. lib. 4. Καὶ μένομεν τῷ μὲν νοητῷ ἀνθρώπῳ ἄνω· τῷ δὲ ἐσχάτῳ αὐτῦ, πεπλήμεθα τῷ κάτω, ὥσον ἀπόῤῥοιαν ἀπ' ἐκείνυ διδόντες εἰς τὸ κάτω, μᾶλλον δὲ ἐνέργειαν, ἐκείνυ δὲ οὐκ ἐλαττυμένυ. *And we remain above by the Intellectuall man, but by the extreme part of him we are held below, as it were yielding an efflux from him to that which is below, or rather an energie he being not at all lessened.* This curiositie Antoninus also observes, (lib. 8. Meditat.) in the nature of the sun-beams, where although he admits of χύσις, yet he doth not of ἀπόῤῥοια which is ἔκχυσις. Ὁ ἥλιος κατακέχυται δοκεῖ, καὶ πάντη γε κέχυται· ἐκκέχυται. ἡ γὰρ χύσις αὐτῦ τάσις ἐστίν. ἐκτάσεις γοῦν αἱ αὐγαὶ αὐτοῦ ἀπὸ τοῦ ἡλίυ λέγονται. *The sunne, saith he, is diffused, and his fusion is every where but without effusion*, &c. I will onely adde one place more out of Plotinus. Ennead. 3. lib. 6. Ἑκάστυ δὲ μοίρυ ἡ ἐνέργεια ἡ κατὰ φύσιν ζωὴ οὐκ ἐξισᾶσα. *The naturall energie of each power of the soul is life not parted from the soul though gone out of the soul*, viz. *into act.*

Comparing of all these places together, I cannot better explain this Platonick term, *energie*, then by calling it the rayes of an essence, or the beams of a vitall Centre. For essence is the Centre as it were of that which is truly called Energie, and Energie the beams and rayes of an essence. And as the *Radii* of a circle leave not the centre by touching the Circumference, no more doth that which is the pure Energie of an essence, leave the essence by being called out into act, but is ἐν-έργεια a working in the essence though it flow *out* into act. So that *Energie* depends alwayes on essence, as *Lumen* on *Lux*, or the creature on God; Whom therefore Synesius in his Hymnes calls the Centre of all things.

Entelecheia. See Interpret. Gen.

Faith

Faith. Platonick faith in the first Good. This faith is excellently described in Proclus. where it is set above all ratiocination, nay, Intellect it self. Πρὸς ἣ αὖ τὸ ἀγαθὸν οὐ γνώσεως ἔτι καὶ συνεργίας δεῖ τοῖς συναφθῆναι σπεύδουσιν, ἀλλ' ἱδρύσεως καὶ μονίμου καταστάσεως καὶ ἡρεμίας. *But to them that endeavour to be joyned with the first Good, there is no need of knowledge or multifarious cooperation, but of settledneſſe, steddineſſe, and rest.* lib. 1. cap. 24. Theolog. Platon. And in the next chapter; Δεῖ γὰρ οὐ γνωσικῶς οὐδ' ἀτελῶς τὸ ἀγαθὸν ἐπιζητεῖν, ἀλλ' ἐπιδόντας ἑαυτοὺς τῷ θείῳ φωτὶ καὶ μύσαντας, ὅπως ἐνιδρύσεσθαι τῇ ἀγνώστῳ καὶ κρυφίῳ πάντων ἑνάδι. *For we must not seek after that absolute or first Good cognoscitively or imperfectly, but giving our selves up to the divine light, and winking* (that is shutting our eyes of reason and understanding) *so to place our selves steddily in that hidden Unitie of all things.* After he preferres this faith before the clear and present assent to the κοιναὶ ἔννοιαι, yea and the νοερὰ ἁπλότης, so that he will not that any intellectuall operation should come in comparison with it. Πολυειδὴς γὰρ αὕτη καὶ δι' ἑτερότητος χωριζομένη τῶν νοημάτων, καὶ ὅλως κίνησίς ἐστι νοερὰ περὶ τὸ νοητόν. Δεῖ δὲ τὴν θείαν πίστιν ἑνοειδῆ καὶ ἥρεμον ὑπάρχειν ἐν τῷ τῆς ἀγαθότητος ὅρμῳ τελείως ἱδρυθεῖσαν. *For the operation of the Intellect is multiform and by diversitie separate from her objects, and is in a word, intellectuall motion about the object intelligible. But the divine faith must be simple and uniform, quiet and steddily resting in the haven of Goodneſſe.* And at last he summarily concludes, Εἷς ἓν ἐστὶ ὅρμος ἀσφαλὴς πάντων ὄντων ἁπάντων. See Procl. Theolog. Platonick. lib. 1. cap. 25.

H

Hyle. See Interpret. Gen.

I

Intellect. Sometimes it is to be interpreted *Soul.* Sometime the intellectuall facultie of the soul. Sometimes Intellect is an absolute essence shining into the soul: whose nature is this. A substance purely immateriall, impeccable, actually omniform, or comprehending all things at once. which the soul doth also being perfectly joyned with the Intellect. Ἔχομεν δὲ καὶ τὰ εἴδη διχῶς, ἐν μὲν ψυχῇ εἶον μὲν ἀτε-

ἀνελιγμένα καὶ οἷον κεχωρισμένα, ἐν δὲ τῷ νῷ ὁμοῦ τὰ πάντα. Plot. Ennead. 1. lib. 1. cap. 8. *Ideas*, or *Idees*, Sometimes they are forms in the Intellectuall world. *viz.* in *Æon*, or *On*, other sometimes, phantasmes or representations in the soul. *Innate Idees* are the souls nature it self, her uniform essence, able by her *Fiat* to produce this or that phantasme into act.

Idiopathy. } See Interpret. Gen.
Iao }

L

LOgos. See Interpr. Gen.

Life. The vitall operation of any soul. Sometime it is the soul it self, be it sensitive, vegetative, or rationall.

Lower man. The lower man is our enquickned body, into which our soul comes, it being fitly prepared for the receiving of such a guest. The manner of the production of souls, or rather their non-production is admirably well set down in Plotinus, See, *Ennead. 6. lib. 4. cap.* 14, 15.

M

MOnad. See Interpr. Gen.

Mundane. Mundane spirit, Is that which is the spirit of the world or Universe. I mean by it not an intellectuall spirit, but a fine, unfixt, attenuate, subtill, ethereall substance, the immediate vehicle of plasticall or sensitive life.

Memory. Mundane memory. Is that memory that is seated in the *Mundane* spirit of man, by a strong impression, or inustion of any phantasme, or outward sensible object, upon that spirit. But there is a Memory more subtill and abstract in the soul it self, without the help of this spirit, which she also carries away with her hauing left the body.

Magicall. That is, attractive, or commanding by force of sympathy with the life of this naturall world.

Moment. Sometimes signifies an instant, as indivisible, as κίνημα, which in motion answers to an instant in time, or a point in a line, *Aristot. Phys.* In this sense I use it, Psychathan. lib. 3. cant. 2. stanz. 16. *But in a moment sol doth ray.* But Cant. the 3. Stanz. 45. v. 2. I understand, as also doth Lansbergius, by a *moment* one second of a minute. In Antipsych. Cant. 2. Stanz. the 20. v. 2. by a *moment* I understand a minute, or indefinitely any small time.

Orb.

O

ORb. *Orb Intellectuall*, is nothing else but Æon or the Intellectuall world. The Orbs generall mentioned Psycathan. lib. 1. cant. 3. stanz. 23. v. 2. I understand by them but so many universall orders of beings, if I may so terme them all; for *Hyle* hath little or nothing of being.

Omniformity, The omniformity of the soul is the having in her nature all forms, latent at least, and power of awaking them into act, upon occasion.

Out-world. and *Out-Heaven*. The sensible world, the visible Heaven.

P

PErigee,
Psychicall,
Parelies,
Parallax,
Protopathy.
} See Interpret. Gen.

Parturient. See, *Vaticinant*.

Phantasie. *Lower phantasie*, is that which resides in the Mundane spirit of a man, See *Memory*.

Q.

Quantitative. Forms *quantitative*, are such sensible energies as arise from the complexion of many natures together, at whose discretion they vanish. That's the seventh Orb of things, thougb broken and not filling all as the other do. But if you take it for the whole sensible world, it is entire, and is the same that *Tasis* in Psyccozoia. But the centre of *Tasis*, viz. the multiplication of the reall *Cuspis* of the *Cone* (for *Hyle* that is set for the most contract point of the *Cuspis* is scarce to be reckoned among realities) that immense diffusion of atoms, is to be referred to *Psyche*, as an internall vegetative act, and so belongs to *Physis* the lowest order of life. For as that warmth that the sense doth afford the body, is not rationall, sensitive, or imaginative, but vegetative; So this, שמים *i. e.* liquid fire, which *Psyche* sends out, and is the outmost, last, and lowest operation from her self, is also vegetative.

R

RHomboides. See Interpr. general.

Reason. I understand by Reason, the deduction of one

thing from another, which I conceive proceeds from a kind of continuitie of phantaſmes: and is ſomething like the moving of a cord at one end; the parts next it riſe with it. And by this concatenation of phantaſmes I conceive, that both brutes and men are moved in reaſonable wayes and methods in their ordinary externall actions.

Rayes. The rayes of an eſſence is its energie. See *Energie.*

Reduplicative. That is reduplicative, which is not onely in this point, but alſo in another, having a kind of circumſcribed ubiquitie, *viz.* in its own ſphear. And this is either by being in that ſphear omnipreſent it ſelf, as the ſoul is ſaid to be in the body *tota in toto & tota in qualibet parte*, or elſe at leaſt by propagation of rayes, which is the image of it ſelf; and ſo are divers ſenſible objects *Reduplicative*, as light, colours, ſounds. And I make account either of theſe wayes juſtly denominate any thing ſpirituall. Though the former is moſt properly, at leaſt more eminently ſpirituall. And whether any thing be after that way ſpirituall ſaving the Divinitie, there is reaſon to doubt. For what is entirely omnipreſent in a ſphear, whoſe diametre is but three feet, I ſee not, why (that in the circumference being as freſh and entire as that in the centre) it ſhould ſtop there and not proceed even *in infinitum*, if the circumference be ſtill as freſh and entire as the centre. But I define nothing.

S

Spermaticall. It belongs properly to Plants, but is transferred alſo to the Plaſticall power in Animalls, I enlarge it to all magnetick power whatſoever that doth immediately rule and actuate any body. For all magnetick power is founded in *Phyſis*, and in reference to her, this world is but one great Plant, (one λόγος σπερματικὸς giving it ſhape and corporeall life) as in reference to *Pſyche*, one happy and holy Animall.

Spirit. Sometimes it ſignifieth the ſoul, otherſometime, the naturall ſpirits in a mans body, which are *Vinculum animæ & corporis*, and the ſouls vehicle: Sometimes life. See *Reduplicative.*

Soul. When I ſpeak of mans Soul, I underſtand that which *Moſes* ſaith was inſpired into the body, (fitted out and made of earth) by God, Geneſ. 2. which is not that impeccable

peccable ſpirit that cannot ſinne; but the very ſame that the Platoniſts call ψυχὴ, a middle eſſence betwixt that which they call νοῦς (and we would in the Chriſtian language call πνεῦμα) and the life of the body which is εἴδωλον ψυχῆς, a kind of an umbratil vitalitie, that the ſoul imparts to the bodie in the enlivening of it: That and the body together, we Chriſtians would call σὰρξ, and the ſuggeſtions of it, eſpecially in its corrupt eſtate, φρόνημα σαρκός. And that that which God inſpired into *Adam* was no more then ψυχὴ, the ſoul, not the ſpirit, though it be called נשמת חיים *Spiraculum vitæ*; is plain out of the text; becauſe it made man but become a living ſoul, נפש חיה. But you will ſay, he was a dead ſoul before, and this was the ſpirit of life, yea the ſpirit of God, the life of the ſoul that was breathed into him.

But if חיה implie ſuch a life and ſpirit, you muſt acknowledge the ſame to be alſo in the moſt ſtupid of all living creatures, even the fiſhes (whoſe ſoul is but as ſalt to keep them from ſtinking, as Philo ſpeaks) for they are ſaid to be נפש חיה chap. 1. v. 20. 21. See 1 Cor. chap. 15. v. 45, 46. In brief therefore, that which in Platoniſme is νοῦς, is in Scripture πνεῦμα; what σὰρξ in one, τὸ θηρίον, the brute or beaſt in the other, ψυχὴ the ſame in both.

Self-reduplicative. See *Reduplicative.*

T

T*Ricentreitie.* Centre is put for eſſence, ſo *Tricentreitie* muſt implie a trinitie of eſſence. See *Centre*, and *Energie.*

V

V*Aticinant.* The ſoul is ſaid to be in a *vaticinant* or *parturient* condition, when ſhe hath ſome kind of ſenſe and hovering knowledge of a thing, but yet cannot diſtinctly and fully, and commandingly repreſent it to her ſelf, cannot plainly apprehend, much leſſe comprehend the matter. The phraſe is borrowed of Proclus, who deſcribing the incomprehenſibleneſſe of God, and the deſire of all things towards him, ſpeaks thus; Ἄγνωστον γὰρ ὂν ποθεῖ τὰ ὄντα τὸ ἐφετὸν τοῦτο καὶ ἄληπτον, μήτε οὖν γνῶναι μήτε ἑλεῖν ὃ ποθεῖ, δυνάμενα, περὶ αὐτὸ πάντα χορεύει καὶ ὠδίνει μὲν αὐτὸ καὶ οἷον ἀπομαντεύεται. *Theolog Platon lib.* 1. *cap.* 21. See *Pſychathan. lib.* 3. *cant.* 3. *ſtanz.* 12. & 14.

SIng aloud his praise rehearse
Who hath made the Universe.
He the boundlesse Heavens has spread
All the vitall Orbs has kned;
He that on *Olympus* high
Tends his flocks with watchfull eye,
And this eye has multiplide
Midst each flock for to reside.
Thus as round about they stray
Toucheth each with out-stretch'd ray,
Nimbly they hold on their way,
Shaping out their Night and Day.
Never slack they; none respires,
Dancing round their Centrall fires.
In due order as they move
Echo's sweet be gently drove
Thorough Heavens vast Hollownesse,
Which unto all corners presse:
Musick that the heart of *Jove*
Moves to joy and sportfull love;
Fills the listning saylers eares
Riding on the wandering Sphears.
Neither Speech nor Language is
Where their voice is not transmisse.
God is Good, is Wise, is Strong,
Witnesse all the creature-throng,
Is confess'd by every Tongue.
All things back from whence they sprong,
As the thankfull Rivers pay
What they borrowed of the Sea.
Now my self I do resigne,
Take me whole I all am thine.
Save me, God! from Self-desire,
Deaths pit, dark Hells raging fire,
Envy, Hatred, Vengeance, Ire.
Let not Lust my soul bemire.
Quit from these thy praise I'll sing,
Loudly sweep the trembling string.

Bear a part, O Wiſdomes ſonnes!
Free'd from vain Relligions.
Lo! from farre I you ſalute,
Sweetly warbling on my Lute.
Indie, *Egypt*, *Arabie*,
Aſia, *Greece*, and *Tartarie*,
Carmel-tracts, and *Lebanon*
With the *Mountains* of the *Moon*,
From whence muddie *Nile* doth runne,
Or whereever elſe you won;
Breathing in one vitall aire,
One we are though diſtant farre.
Riſe at once lett's ſacrifice
Odours ſweet perfume the skies.
See how Heavenly lightning fires
Hearts inflam'd with high aſpires!
All the ſubſtance of our ſouls
Up in clouds of Incenſe rolls.
Leave we nothing to our ſelves
Save a voice, what need we els!
Or an hand to wear and tire
On the thankfull Lute or Lyre.
Sing aloud his praiſe rehearſe
Who hath made the Univerſe.

FINIS.

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